

The World.

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LET THE ALDERMEN ACT.

JUST before the Aldermen passed the taxicab ordinance, for which The Evening World made its fight, Alderman Mulligan begged his fellow members of the board not to be "coerced" into approving the measure. "Indictments have been hinted; reflections have been cast on this board," declared the outraged member.

More reflections are cast when Mayor Gaynor asserts that the moving picture ordinance recently passed by the board is aimed to protect theatres in which Aldermen are personally interested. "The idea of an Alderman standing up and voting to protect his own cheap theatres," exclaimed the Mayor. "I believe this is an indictable offense and I am going to find out about it." This looks like more "coercion."

During the past year the board has suffered much. The searchlight has been turned successively on its newsstand graft, its taxicab graft, its moving picture graft, its habits of dawdling delay and crafty obstruction. So much "reflection" and "coercion" call for vigorous action on the part of the Aldermen. Let them resign, abolish themselves. All good citizens will lend a hand.

The Romans settled the case two thousand years ago: "Wine is one thing, drunkenness another."

HISTORY AND FACT.

ITALY is puzzled and exasperated by conflicting accounts of a recent battle between the Italians and the Arabs. There is complete confusion of reports official and otherwise. What was first reported as an Italian victory may have been, on the contrary, a rout in which four hundred Italians were killed and seven hundred wounded. The press is furious over what it calls lying official communications.

Not a momentous battle, naturally, but one wonders how it will be set down in the final records. Will "history" get the exact truth about it? And if even to-day, with telegraphs and newspapers and trained correspondents, it is so hard to get the real facts, what must we think of similar accounts that have come down to us from earlier times?

Henry IV. of France, after the battle of Aunay, in which he was wounded, found that no two of his generals could agree in their stories of what had happened. "See what history is!" sighed the King. The Battle of Waterloo is still being fought—by the historians. "Anything but history," cried a great English statesman to the son who was preparing to read aloud to him. "That must be false." "History is distilled rumor," declared Carlyle. "Write proverbs, not histories," was Charles the Second's advice to his court historian. "The Latin historians told nothing but lies," said Charles James Fox. Gibbon, himself one of the greatest of historians, alluding to the fallacies of history, admitted that the spectators of events knew too little, and the actors were too deeply interested to speak the real truth. "History shows you prospects by starlight or at best by the waxing moon," says Rufus Choate in one of his addresses. And the greatest of ancient biographers confessed himself too often at best but a "reporter of hearsay," so "very difficult is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history."

The silence of Mr. Justice Cohlan grows louder every hour.

The forty-sixth observance of Memorial Day finds us nearly a full half century beyond the civil war. Each succeeding year, as we honor the memory of those who gave their lives, the thousands of their comrades who survive, many of them only in "ripe middle age," must bring home to every one the extraordinary youthfulness of those armies. Nineteen was the commonest age. Out of two million and a half in the Union armies two million were less than twenty-one when they enlisted. Year by year the ranks of the survivors grow thinner. Yet more and more each year as we honor them and their dead, the nation thrills with wonder and admiration to think what mere boys they all were when they took up the sternest of all tasks.

Letters From the People

The Editor of The Evening World.

Dear Sir: I have just received your issue of May 24th.

I am glad to hear that you are interested in the

subject of the "Ladies' Club" and that you are

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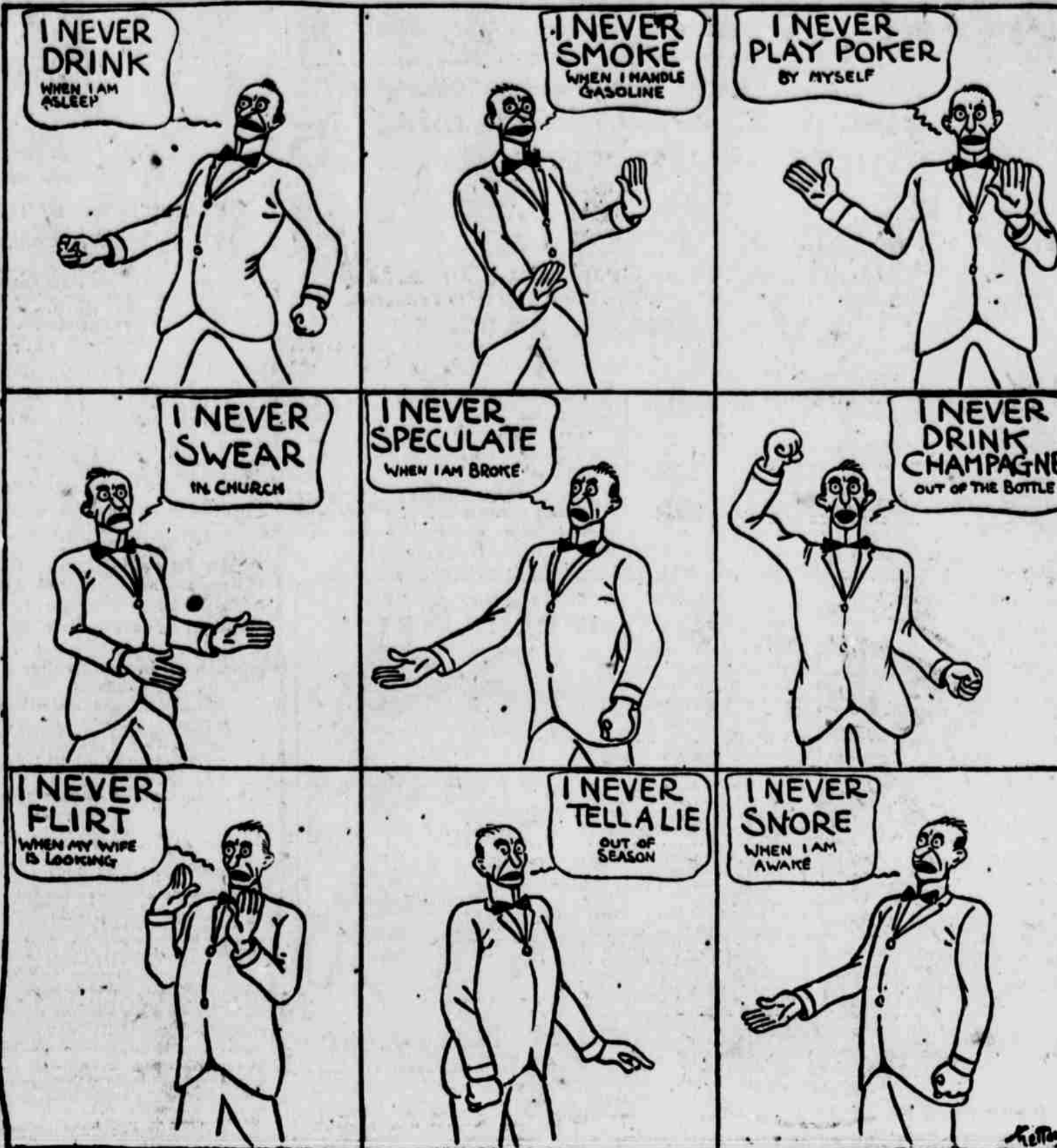
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Such Is Life! By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

Copyright, 1913, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"S HALL we take a taxi?" asked Mr. Jarr as he and his good lady emerged from the theatre to find rain was falling.

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "We can wait till there is a hail and rush to a street car. But why didn't you bring an umbrella? You heard me say 'Bring an umbrella!'"

Mr. Jarr did not answer this accusatory remark. Mrs. Jarr had suggested they bring an umbrella, but with a guilty smiling of conscience Mr. Jarr had remembered he had lost every one that had rightfully or wrongfully belonged to the house of Jarr the previous rainy week.

First, the children's school umbrella had gone. And Mr. Jarr had heard his tender infants accused of misbehavior and had kept silent. Outside the light-running domestic's local shopping bazaar had gone to that great bazaar from which Mr. Jarr's umbrellas never returned the next morning.

Working up from these considerations, Mr. Jarr had taken from home and never brought back an umbrella of price his bachelor friend Jack Miller had left behind him after a call. Then, from small offenses to great, and then great, Mr. Jarr had escaped unscathed from the house with Mrs. Jarr's two umbrellas.

One that she had retained for years—

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Mr. Jarr's Conscience Is Sore From Many Umbrella Punctures

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With close rolling ribs, and its chased silver handle was ornamented at the top with a large and beautifully cut diamond, of Scotch topaz.

It was this umbrella that Mr. Angelo Dinkston had trailed Mr. Jarr with for one whole day of rain that Mr. Jarr had carried it in company with some out-of-town customers he was entertaining.

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The Stories of Famous Novels By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1913, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

No. 25—ZANONI, by Bulwer-Lytton.

VIOLA FISANI was making her stage debut as prima donna to her father's new opera, at Naples. The fortunes of singer and opera alike hung in the balance. The tide turned in the favor of both when a handsome man in a procession box sprang to his feet and started the applause.

The man was a mysterious personage known as Zanoni. He was said to be enormously rich, and he seemed of early middle age. Yet there were old people who could remember seeing him sixty and even seventy years earlier and who declared he had not changed in appearance all that time.

Zanoni was one of the last surviving members of a mystic cult, or "cabala," whose votaries, by occult studies of the forces of nature, were able to prolong their lives indefinitely. One of the conditions of this perpetual life was that the supreme love of woman should not enter the heart.

Zanoni quitted Naples almost at once after causing Viola's success as a singer. For he found himself in danger of growing fond of the young prima donna.

Two years later he came back. By this time Viola had become a celebrity. And she counted her admirers by the score. Chief among them was an Italian Prince who was even then planning to kidnap her. A young English artist, Clarence Glyndon, also loved the beautiful singer; as did Nicot, a French crook.

Later, with their little son, they returned to civilization and stopped for a time in Venice. Glyndon, who still loved Viola, told the happy young wife that her husband was a magician. Her love for Zanoni changing to fear, Viola ran away from him, taking their child to Paris, where the French revolution was at its height. There she found work as a seamstress.

Nicot, the crook who had so long loved Viola, now sought again to win her. He began by denouncing Glyndon as a spy and sending him to the guillotine. But Nicot, too, was denounced and arrested. And so, through the maze of another wrong, was Viola

Zanoni, ever seeking Viola, arrived in Paris to find his wife had been condemned to death and was to die on the morrow. Vainly he exerted all his mystic influence to save her. He learned that two days later the Reign of Terror was to be ended by Robespierre's overthrow; and he sought to gain a day's reprieve for Viola.

But the utmost he could achieve was permission to die on the guillotine in her stead. He went to her cell for her last word with her. She was overjoyed to see him. He did not tell her of the sacrifices he had made, and she supposed that on the morrow they were both to go free. Thus, strangely reunited, they sat, side by side, in the dusky cell until Viola at last fell asleep.

When she awoke Zanoni was no longer there. He had gone to the guillotine to lay down his life for hers. The shock of learning of how terrible a price her safety had been bought was too much for Viola's shattered nerves. When the fallows came next day to set her at liberty they found her dead.

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The Day's Good Stories

Counter-Thrust.

"A VERY good report" said Senator Lodge in an argument in this city over the immigration bill. "A very good report indeed! It reminds me of Washington."

"Washington and his wife were quarreling," said Mrs. Webb, with a hard, scornful laugh. "You said his wife was a saint."

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The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 7882—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit.

2 to 6 years.

Pattern No. 7883—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit.

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Pattern No. 7884—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit.